It did me yeomans ſervice; wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?
Hora. I good my Lord.
Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
As love between them like the Palme might flouriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland weare,
And ſtand a *Comma* 'tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like, as ſir of great charge,
That on the view and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further more or leſſe
He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſudden death,
Not ſhriving time allow'd.
Hora. How was this ſeal'd?
Ham. Why even in that was heaven ordinant:
I had my fathers ſignet in my purſe,
Which was the modell of that *Daniſh* ſeale,
Folded the writ up in the forme of th'other,
Subſcrib'd it, gave't th impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
The changling never known; now the next day
Was our ſea-fight, and what to this was ſequent
Thou know'ſt already.
Hor. So *Guyldenſtern* and *Roſencraus* go to't.
Ha. They are not neare my conſcience, their defeat
Does by their owne inſinuation grow;
'Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes
Between the paſſe and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.
Hor. Why what a King is this!
Ham. Does it not, think you, ſtand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch coſenage, is't not perfect conſcience?
Enter a Courtier.
Cour. Your Lordſhip is right welcome backe to *Denmarke.*
Ham. I humbly thanke you ſir.
Doeſt know this Water-flye?

Hora.